

# The Bloomfield Gazette.

WILLIAM P. LYON, A. M.,  
CHARLES M. DAVIS, A. M., Editors.

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Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells  
In hearts replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. —COWPER.

FIVE CENTS.

## CHRISTMAS SEASON.

### CHURCH BELLS.

Wake me to-night, my mother dear,  
That I may hear  
The Christmas bells, so soft and clear  
To high and low glad tidings tell,  
How God the Father loved us well,  
How God the Son came to undo what we had done;  
How God the Paraclete,  
Who in the chalice womb formed the babe so  
sweet.

In power and glory came, the birth to aid and  
greet.  
Wake me, that I this treasured hour  
May hear the song  
About which in the world's throng;  
That treasured hour of Christmas tide  
May with mine hour of gloom abide;  
The Christmas Carol ring  
Deep in my heart, when I would sing;  
Each of the twelve good days  
The earnest joy of dainties love and peace,  
Insuring happy months, and hallowing common  
ways.

Wake me again, my mother dear,  
That I may hear  
The peal of the departing year,  
O well I love, the step of Time  
Should move to that familiar chime:  
Fair fall the time that sleep  
The Old Year in the drowsy sleep,  
The New guide softly in  
With hopes to sweet and memories akin!  
Long may that something calm ear, heart, con-  
science win. —Kelle.

### CHRISTMAS—ITS ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

The earliest writers on the festivities of  
the Christmas season, speak of the custom  
of decking houses and churches with ever-  
greens, and therefore it appears to us that  
it must be of very ancient date, it being,  
in fact, one of those ancient remnants of  
paganism, which, although forbidden by  
the councils of the early Christian Church,  
had obtained too great a hold on the pre-  
judices of the people to be readily relinquished,  
as its transmission down to the present day,  
all over Europe, serves to prove. The holly and ivy have been the  
favorite evergreens throughout Great Britain  
and Ireland for the above purpose.

They are regarded as sacred emblems of  
the season, even to the present day. In-  
deed, it is not Christmas unless the village  
church is handsomely decked out with  
them, and likewise the cottage parlors.  
In Ireland especially this custom is carried  
almost to extravagance, and, indeed, also  
in England. The humblest cottage and  
the poorest church have their share of the  
holly and ivy; every picture is crowded  
with them; and the more historic the pic-  
ture, the larger the quantity placed over  
it. Heathenish though it may seem to be,  
it has beautiful associations, and when we  
remember the number of centuries it has  
been the custom, we surely cannot blame  
the people for having a reverence for it,  
particularly when all comes from the high-  
est of the lowest, reverie it. Here is an old  
ballad, written centuries since, by whom  
we will never know till the last trumpet  
sounds:

### THE IVY.

Ivy, chief of trees it is,  
Vest coronachere.

The most worthy is she in town:  
He who says other, says amiss;  
Worthy is she to bear the crown:  
Vest coronachere.

Ivy is soft and meek of speech,  
Against all who she brings forth bliss;  
Happy is he that may her reach;  
Vest coronachere.

Ivy is green, of color bright,  
Of all trees the chief she is;  
And that I prove will now be right;  
Vest coronachere.

Ivy, she beareth berries black;  
God grant to all of us his bliss!  
For then we shall nothing lack;  
Vest coronachere.

Nor can we pass over the holly without  
saying a word in its praise, lest it should  
grow jealous of its friend the "OIR IVY."  
And it strikes us that we can in-  
troduce nothing more appropriate in hon-  
or of that ancient plant than the following  
stances from the immortal Shakespeare:

### THE HOLLY SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Though thou art not so seen,  
Because thy tooth is keen.  
Though thou art not so seen,  
Because thy tooth is keen.  
Though thou art not so seen,  
Because thy tooth is keen.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere  
folly.

Thou heigh-ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

Prologue, freeze, then bitter sky,  
Thou dost not lie so high  
As bonfire fagot;  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp.  
As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere  
folly.

Thou heigh-ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

It was a brilliant moonlight night, but  
extremely cold; our chaise whirled rapidly  
over the frozen ground; the post-boy smacked  
his whip incessantly, and a part of the  
time his horse was on a gallop. "He  
knows where he is going," said my com-  
panion, laughing, "and is eager to arrive

in time for some of the merriment and  
good cheer of the servant's hall. My  
father, you must know, is a bigoted de-  
votee of the old school, and prides himself  
upon keeping up something of old English  
hospitality. He determined, in his own  
mind, that there was no condition more  
truly honorable and enviable than that of  
a country gentleman on his paternal lands,  
and therefore passes the whole of his time  
on his estate. He is a strenuous advocate  
for the revival of the old rural games and  
holiday observances, and is deeply read in  
the writers, ancient and modern, who have  
treated on the subject. As he lives at  
some distance from the main road, in  
rather a lonely part of the country, with-  
out any rival gentry near him, he has that  
most enviable of all blessings to an Eng-  
lishman, an opportunity of indulging the  
best of his own humor without molesta-  
tion."

We had passed for some time along the  
wall of a park, and at length the chaise  
stopped at the gate.

The post-boy rang a large porter's bell,  
which resounded through the still frosty  
air, and was answered by the distant bark-  
ing of dogs, with which the mansion-house  
seemed garrisoned. An old woman imme-  
diately appeared at the gate.

My friend proposed that we should alight  
and walk through the park to the hall,  
which was at no great distance, while the  
chaise should follow on. Our road wound  
through a noble avenue of trees, among  
the naked branches of which the moon  
glittered as she rolled through the deep  
vault of a cloudless sky.

My companion looked around him with  
transport:—"How often," said he, "have  
I scampered up this avenue, on returning  
home on school vacations! How often  
have I played under them trees when a  
boy! I feel a degree of filial reverence for  
them, as we look up to those who have  
cherished us in childhood. My father was  
always scrupulous in exacting our holidays,  
and having us around him on family festi-  
vals. He used to direct and superintend  
our games with the strictness that some  
parents do the studies of their children.  
He was very particular that we should play  
the old English games according to their  
original form; and consulted old books  
for precedent and authority for every  
"morrie sport"; yet I assure you there  
never was pedantry so delightful. It was  
the policy of the good old gentleman to  
make his children feel that home was the  
happiest place in the world; and I value  
this delicious home-feeling as one of the  
choicest gifts a parent can bestow."

We had now come in full view of the  
old family mansion, partly thrown in deep  
shadow, and partly lit up by the cold  
moonlight. It was an irregular building,  
of some magnitude, and seemed to be of  
the architecture of different periods. One  
wing was evidently very ancient, with  
heavy stone-shafted low windows jutting  
out and overhung by ivy, from among the  
foliage of which the small diamond-shaped  
panes of glass glittered with the moon-  
beams.

As we approached the house, we heard  
the sound of music, and now and then a  
burst of laughter, from one end of the  
building. This, Bracebridge said, must  
proceed from the servants' hall, where a  
great deal of revelry was permitted, and  
even encouraged, by the squire, through-  
out the twelve days of Christmas, provid-  
ed everything was done conformably to an-  
cient usage. Here were kept up the old  
games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild  
mare, hot cockles, steal the white loaf, bob  
apple, and snap dragon; the Yule-clog and  
Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and  
the mischievous, with its white berries, hung  
up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty  
housemaids.

So intent were the servants upon their  
sports, that we had to ring repeatedly be-  
fore we could make ourselves heard. On  
our arrival being announced, the squire  
came out to receive us, accompanied by  
his two other sons; one a young officer in  
the army, home on leave of absence; the  
other an Oxonian, just from the university.  
The squire was a fine healthy-looking old  
gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly  
round an open florid countenance, in  
which the physiognomist, with the advan-  
tage, like myself, of a previous hint or two,  
might discover a singular mixture of whim  
and benevolence.

The family meeting was warm and affec-  
tionate; as the evening was far advanced,  
the squire would not permit us to change  
our travelling dresses, but ushered us at  
once to the company, which was assembled  
in large, old-fashioned hall. It was com-  
posed of different branches of a numerous  
family connection, where there were the  
usual proportion of old uncles and aunts,  
comfortable married dandies, superannuated  
spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-  
savage striplings, and bright-eyed board-  
ing-school boys. They were variously  
occupied; some at a round game of cards;  
others conversing around the fire-place; at  
one end of the hall was a group of young  
folks, some nearly grown up, others of a  
more tender and budding age, fully en-  
gaged by a merry game; and a profes-

sion of wooden horses, penny trumpets,  
and tattered dolls, about the floor, showed  
traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who,  
having frolicked through a happy day, had  
been carried off to slumber through a  
peaceful night.

The grate had been removed from the  
wide, overhanging fire-place, to make way  
for a fire of wood, in the midst of which  
was an enormous log glowing and blaking,  
and sending forth a vast volume of light  
and heat: this I understood was the Yule  
clog, which the squire was particular in  
having brought in and illumined on a  
Christmas eve, according to ancient cus-  
tom.

It was really delightful to see the old  
squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair,  
by the hospitable fire-side of his ancestors,  
and looking around him like the sun of a  
system, beaming warmth and gladness to  
every heart. Even the very dog that lay  
stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted  
his position and yawned, would look fondly  
up in his master's face, wag his tail  
against the floor, and stretch himself again  
to sleep, confident of kindness and protec-  
tion. There is an emanation from the heart  
in genuine hospitality which cannot be  
described, but it immediately felt, and  
puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had  
not been seated many minutes by the com-  
fortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier,  
before I found myself as much at home as  
if I had been one of the family.

Supper was announced shortly after our  
arrival. It was served up in a spacious  
oaken chamber, the panes of which were  
with wax, and around which were several  
family portraits decorated with holly and  
ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two  
great wax tapers, called Christmas candles,  
wreathed with greens, were placed on a  
highly polished buffet among the family  
plate. The table was abundantly spread  
with substantial fare; but the squire made  
his supper of frumage, a dish made of  
what cake boiled in milk, with rich spices,  
being a standing dish in old times for  
Christmas eve. I was happy to find my old  
friend, minced pie, in the retinue of the  
feast; and finding him to be perfectly  
orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed  
of my predilection, I greeted him with all  
the warmth wherewith we usually greet an  
old and gentle acquaintance.

The mirth of the company was greatly  
promoted by the humors of an eccentric  
personage whom Mr. Bracebridge always  
addressed with the quaint appellation of  
Master Simon. He was a tight, bristly little  
man, with the air of an ardent old teacher.  
His nose was shaped like the bill of a  
parrot; his face slightly pitted with the  
small-pox, with a dry perpetual bloom on  
it, like a frost-bitten leaf in autumn. He  
had an eye of great quickness and vivacity,  
with a drollery and vagary of expression  
that was irresistible. He was evidently  
the wit of the family, dealing very much in  
sly jokes and innuendoes with the ladies,  
and making infinite merriment by harping  
upon old themes; which, unfortunately,  
by ignorance of the family chronicles did  
not permit me to enjoy. It seemed to be  
his great delight during supper to keep a  
young girl next him in a continual agony  
of stifled laughter, in spite of her awe of  
the reproving looks of her mother, who sat  
opposite. Indeed, he was the idol of the  
younger part of the company, who laughed  
at everything he said or did, and at every  
turn of his countenance. I could not wonder  
at it; for he must have been a miracle  
of accomplishments in their eyes. He could  
imitate Punch and Judy; make an old  
woman of his hand, with the assistance  
of a burnt cork and pocket-handkerchief,  
and out an orange into such a ludicrous  
caricature, that the young folks were ready  
to die with laughing.

He had a chirping, buoyant disposition,  
always enjoying the present moment; and  
his frequent change of scene and company  
prevented his acquiring those quiet unac-  
commodating habits, with which old bach-  
elors are so uncharitably charged. He  
was a complete family chronicle, being  
versed in the genealogy, history, and in-  
termarriages of the whole house of Brace-  
bridge, which made him a great favorite  
with the old folks; he was a bean of all  
the older ladies and superannuated spin-  
sters, among whom he was habitually con-  
sidered rather a young fellow, and he was  
master of the revels among the children;  
so that there was not a more popular being  
in the sphere in which he moved than Mr.  
Simon Bracebridge. Of late years, he had  
resided almost entirely with the squire, to  
whom he had become a factotum, and  
whom he particularly delighted by jump-  
ing with his humor in respect to old times,  
and by having a scrap of a song to suit  
every occasion. We had presently a spec-  
imen of his last-mentioned talent, for no  
sooner was supper removed, and spiced  
wines and other beverages peculiar to the  
season introduced, than Master Simon was  
called on for a good old Christmas song.  
He bethought himself for a moment, and  
then, with a sparkle of the eye, and a voice

that was by no means bad, excepting that  
it ran occasionally into a falsetto, like the  
notes of a split reed he quavered forth a  
quaint old ditty.

Now Christmas is come,  
Let us heat up the drum,  
And call all our neighbors together,  
And when they appear,  
Let us make them such cheer,  
As will keep out the wind and the weather, etc.

The supper had disposed every one to gay-  
ety, and an old harper was summoned from  
the servants' hall, where he had been  
strumming all the evening, and to all ap-  
pearance comforting himself with some of  
the squire's home-brewed. He was a kind  
of hanger-on; I was told, of the establish-  
ment, and though ostensibly a resident of  
the village, was often to be found in the  
squire's kitchen than in his own home, the  
old gentleman being fond of the sound of  
"harp in hall."

The dance, like most dances after sup-  
per, was a merry one; some of the older  
folks joined in it, and the squire him-  
self figured down several couples with a  
partner, with whom he affirmed he had  
dined at every Christmas for nearly half  
a century. Master Simon, who seemed to  
be a kind of connecting link between the  
old times and the new, and to be withal a  
little antiquated in the taste of his accom-  
plishments, evidently pleased himself on  
his dancing, and was endeavoring to gain  
credit by the lead and toe, rigodon, and other  
graces of the ancient school; but he had  
unluckily assumed himself with a little  
rumping girl from boarding-school, who,  
by her wild vivacity, kept him continually  
on the stretch, and defeated all his sober  
attempts at elegance;—such are the ill as-  
sorted matches to which antique gentlemen are  
unfortunately prone!

The young Oxonian, on the contrary,  
had led out one of his maiden aunts, on  
whom the rogue played a thousand little  
knaveeries with impunity; he was full of  
practical jokes, and his delight was to  
tease his aunts and cousins; yet, like all  
mad-cap youngsters, he was a universal fa-  
vorite among the women. The most inter-  
esting couple in the dance was the young  
officer and a ward of the squire's, a beau-  
tiful blushing girl of seventeen. From sev-  
eral shy glances which I had noticed in the  
course of the evening, I suspected there  
was a little kindness growing up between  
them, and, indeed, the young soldier was  
just the hero to captivate a romantic girl.  
He was tall, slender, and handsome, and,  
like most young British officers of late  
years, had picked up various small accom-  
plishments on the continent;—he could talk  
French and Italian—draw landscapes, sing  
very tolerably—dance divinely; but, above  
all, he had been wounded at Waterloo;—  
what girl of seventeen, well read in poetry  
and romance, could resist such a mirror of  
chivalry and perfection!

The moment the dance was over he  
caught up a guitar, and, lolling against the  
old marble fire-place, in an attitude which  
I am half inclined to suspect was studied,  
began the little French air of the Trouba-  
dour. The squire, however, exclaimed  
against having anything on Christmas eve  
but good old English; upon which the young  
minstrel, casting up his eye for a mo-  
ment, as if in an effort of memory, struck  
into another strain, and, with a  
charming air of gallantry, gave Horriock's  
"Night-Piece to Julia."

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee,  
And the olive also,  
Whose little eye glow  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.  
No Will of the Wisp mightst thou see;  
Nor snake nor dog-worm bite thee  
Biting, on thy way,  
Nor making a stay,  
Since thou hast none to fright thee.  
Then let not the dark thee cumber;  
What though the moon does slumber,  
The stars of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like lapers clear without number.

Thou, Julia, let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me,  
And whither I shall meet  
Thy airy feet,  
My soul I'll pour into thee.

The song might or might not have been  
intended in compliment to the fair Julia,  
for so I found his partner was called; she,  
however, was certainly unconscious of any  
such application, for she never looked at  
the singer, but kept her eyes cast upon the  
floor. Her face was suffused, it is true,  
with a beautiful blush, and there was a  
gentle heaving of the bosom, but all that  
was doubtless caused by the exercise of the  
dance; indeed, so great was her indiffer-  
ence, that she amused herself with pluck-  
ing to pieces a choice bouquet of hot-  
house flowers, and by the time the song  
was concluded the nose-gay lay in ruins on  
the floor.

The party now broke up for the night  
with the kind-hearted old custom of shak-  
ing hands.

STREAM WHISTLES.—We are glad to see  
that this postiferous modern improvement  
is adjudged almost everywhere, and in  
some instances judiciously indicted an un-  
endurable nuisance.

The people of Bloomfield will not soon  
forget a disgusting exhibition of the power  
of the whistle to annoy, which was power-  
fully impressed upon us on Fourth of July  
last.

That our people may see what others

think of the hideous and distressing noise,  
we append two extracts from city jour-  
nals:

The English people, especially in the  
manufacturing towns, are heaping male-  
dictions on the American invention of the  
steam-whistle. To them it seems little  
short of an infernal nuisance, and they  
have, therefore, given it a new name—the  
"American Devil." They have dragged  
the screaming monster into Parliament,  
and have demanded that the combined  
legislative wisdom of the realm shall relieve  
them of the intolerable nuisance.

The Manchester Examiner says: "A  
modest little bill, in which thousands in  
Manchester will take an acute interest, has  
been read a second time in the House of  
Commons. The 'American Devil' has at  
length been taken fairly by the throat, and  
there can be very little doubt that his  
hideous yell will in great or two be heard  
no more. The bill referred to provides that  
"no person shall use or employ, in any man-  
ufacture, or any other place, any steam-  
whistle or steam-trumpet for the purpose  
of summoning or dismissing workmen or  
persons employed, without the sanction of  
the sanitary authority." This is a measure  
which will bring relief to many a distressed  
household here and elsewhere.

Parliament is very much given to san-  
itary legislation, and the sufferers by this  
American demon have wisely based their  
petitions on sanitary considerations. What  
could be more grievous to the sick in man-  
ufacturing neighborhoods, or around great  
railroad depots, than these terrific yells?  
What especially could be more annoying to  
the victims of hospital fever for the insane?  
We do not doubt that the statistics of such  
institutions show the effects of the deplora-  
ble invention. Cannot some ingenious and  
good-hearted Yankee invent a relieving  
subject for this nerve-shattering screecher?  
He will be a benefactor of the human  
race.—*Methodist.*

The people who reside in the upper part  
of this city are evidently not peculiar in  
their sufferings from the whistling of  
steam-engines at unreasonable hours. The  
residents of Elizabeth, N. J., having been  
put out of patience by a similar nuisance,  
are now endeavoring to have it stopped.  
To this end, the Board of Aldermen has  
been petitioned, and, better still, the grand  
jury of the county has entered a present-  
ment against the company. The Jersey  
man has a way of doing things that is very  
much to be admired. He goes straight to  
the point, and usually accomplishes his  
object in about the same length of time  
that it takes the average New Yorker to  
turn the matter over in his mind.

What a pity it is that we have so few imi-  
tators of the "Jersey way" on Manhattan  
Island.—*New York Times.*

## THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

We desire again to recur to this subject;  
we should rather say it is necessary for us  
to call up this subject again. We wish it  
were not; but it might be gained by  
evading the topic, or denying its para-  
mount importance at this time. Every  
observant person must have noticed that  
intemperance is on the increase in almost  
every direction. Who is not aware of the  
drunken revels by night that disturb our  
peace, and the drunken brawls which ac-  
cure our ears by day, and of the heinous  
crimes consequent thereon, perpetrated at  
all times, boldly, impudently, and too often  
with impunity?

Public men—judges, juries, legislators,  
officers of every grade, indeed, hesitate to  
take a decided stand against it, or they  
willingly connive at the manufacture and  
sale of intoxicating liquors, and treat with  
lenity the criminals who are its offspring.  
Men affect not to be surprised at the ex-  
istence of drunkenness, vice and crime in  
the great cities. They say it is the nat-  
ural outgrowth of congested miscellaneous  
masses of individuals of all nationalities,  
of ignorant vagrants, superstitious rene-  
gades, and vicious slums of society; and  
of the habits of life, corruption of thought  
and searing of conscience, which demon-  
izes so considerable a portion of the resi-  
dents of our cities. Regarding it as a sort  
of necessity, or an inevitable curse, they  
have no course to attack the foe, no skill  
to devise measures for his overthrow.  
What then? Why they must abandon  
the city and seek a home in the rural sub-  
urbs! But, alas! the awful demon of the  
still has been on the move too; the fell  
destroyer has been at work in the villages;  
he has planted his flag and flaunts his  
alluring ensign in scores of saloons, taverns  
and brothels in every business street in  
the outskirts of the city also; and he is  
now milking his forces in derision of every  
moral sentiment, in defiance of Almighty God.

Shall we fold our hands and sit down  
with indifference to the fearful conse-  
quences of impending ruin to our sons and  
daughters, to our friends and neighbors,  
our country and our race?

If the evils of drunkenness, impurity  
and crime are thought to be past represen-  
tion in the city by direct efforts, why not  
take a lesson from military tactics, and  
outflank them by getting up a high moral  
tone in the rural communities of the sub-  
urbs? If the moral darkness be great in  
the cities, it is of the more consequence  
that the suburban lamps should be "trim-  
med and burning." In our estimation, the  
temperance question rises in magnitude  
above all other social questions; it looms  
up before us as the momentous question of  
the day. We acknowledge its treatment is  
beset with difficulties. But all must agree  
that it is sound political economy to inter-  
pose all possible barriers in the down hill  
road of intemperance. True humanity  
would seek also to rescue the suffering and  
degraded inebriate. But real philan-

thropy should aim to ensure a radical and  
permanent reform, by enlisting the youth  
of the land in a firm opposition, and even  
a heroic crusade against all intoxicating  
stimuli.

We would fain plead everybody not al-  
ready hopelessly addicted to the intoxicat-  
ing bowl, to total abstinence from spirituous  
liquors as a beverage. This seems tran-  
scendently proper and expedient in the  
case of our youthful young men. Drunk-  
ness should be portrayed in all its hor-  
rible aspects and enforced with all the un-  
ction of pathos, of eloquence and of illus-  
tration. If the young are arrayed on the  
side of strict temperance persistently,  
they will form the most effective barrier  
possible against the surging waves of in-  
temperance; and as they grow older and  
see more of its enormous, unmitigated  
evils, they will acquire an inveterate dis-  
gust for the alcoholic poison which no in-  
fluences are likely to dissipate.

We have only space now to add an ad-  
monitory word as a timely warning.—Holi-  
day festivals are at hand. New Year's  
calls and friendly greetings are favorably  
regarded and to be commended and en-  
couraged. But social hospitality, in our  
judgment, can manifest itself more wisely  
and truly in the utter exclusion of the  
tempting cup of poison from the refresh-  
ment table of New Year's Day.

Surely mothers, wives, daughters, sis-  
ters, will not, by exhibiting the intoxica-  
ting beverage, virtually encourage those  
who should be their protectors and care-  
takers, to poison their understandings, de-  
base their intellects, ruin their constitu-  
tions and grovel in sensual delights and  
base passions! Surely, ye wives and  
mothers, ye cannot be so reckless of your  
own peace and happiness and so blinded  
to the true interests of your companions  
and sons! Surely, ye charming and affec-  
tionate young ladies, ye cannot consent  
thus to peril the safety of your brothers  
and admirers, and to sow the seeds which  
shall hereafter bear for yourselves as well  
as them the fruits of sorrow only!

## MORRIS PARK.

Mrs. MORRIS: In your last issue  
you invited suggestions as to the name of  
that part of our town known by the ap-  
pellation of "Morris Neighborhood." Let  
me make one, viz.: Suppose that the  
owners of Chrystal Lake—the heirs of the  
late Stephen Morris, deceased, Wm. S.  
Morris, of Montclair, who owns the ad-  
joining two acres, Augustus T. Morris, who  
owns the next two, and some more land in  
front of his present residence, the estate  
of the late James Morris, deceased, and  
others who may own the property so far  
south as the Stone Bridge, near the old  
Public School House—should dedicate or  
quit claim the same to that town, for the  
purpose of a public park—what more ap-  
propriate than to call "the Neighbor-  
hood" MORRIS PARK. The project would  
involve the destruction of a few old build-  
ings, and one comparatively new. This  
latter could be moved and the others suf-  
fer none if set on fire.

The owners of said lands and buildings  
could well afford to give the land and  
property. All having lands and residences  
adjacent, which would be enhanced all, if  
not more, than the cost of the property  
given. The land, however, without im-  
provement, would not be a Park. Aside  
from the moving of the buildings, the  
work to be done would be insignificant, as  
the natural features of the location are pec-  
uliarly adapted and susceptible of easy  
improvement for the purposes of a Park.  
Let the present Pond (Chrystal Lake)  
remain, but in addition make a series of  
lakes to the road, which is the extension  
of the Bay Lane to the Canal Hill. This  
would afford our town a good skating park  
—with shallow water—a matter very de-  
sirable; and when the horse cars are run  
to this neighborhood, all our youth, young  
men and maidens would have easy access  
to a safe and sheltered spot.

Some such project has been talked about  
among some of the property-owners, and  
some favor it, but feel, and perhaps justly,  
that if they give the land, there should be  
some means provided for the improvement  
and care of said Park; which, while it would  
be of immediate and direct benefit to the  
property immediately adjacent, would also  
largely improve all the surrounding prop-  
erty, and so far should command the nec-  
essary approval and means for improve-  
ment. One of the parties interested, who,  
if we are rightly informed, approves of some  
such project, is now standing in the way  
of a kindred improvement in the same  
neighborhood, much to his own detriment  
and the detriment of others. It would be  
well for him to consider that we have mutual  
burdens to bear, and that great public im-  
provements can only be successfully carried  
out where harmony of action pervades the  
minds of all.

The question is, shall our town have  
another Park—a grand and distinguishing  
feature in her landscape—through the lib-  
erality of some of her generous and liberal-  
minded old settlers; and if so, how worthy  
a monument to preserve the name as  
"MORRIS PARK."  
A word to the wise is sufficient," from  
a non-resident of the Morris—shall we  
call it—  
PARK.

## DESULTORY.

The funeral of Mr. Greeley took place on  
Wednesday, Dec. 3d. The President and  
Vice-President of the United States, the Vice-  
President elect, officers of the State and city,  
and many other distinguished persons, attend-  
ed it. The services were conducted by Dr.  
Chapin, who made an address, as also did Mr.  
Becher.

Oxford University is 1,000 years old.  
Great Britain has 1,000 blast furnaces.

The census of the city of Vienna shows a  
population of 900,000.

Rome is to have a daily newspaper, called  
the News, edited by an American.

Two acres of ground in Indianola, Iowa,  
yielded 500 bushels of sweet potatoes.

The apple crop in New Jersey, Connecticut,  
and along the Hudson is very abundant.

A man in Deerfield, Ill., has raised 400  
bushels of potatoes on two and one-half acres.

American condensed milk is a great success  
in Europe.

The Hop crop for 1873 will be about four-  
teen million pounds.

Frank Leslie is building a fine villa on his  
estate at Barnegat Lake, N. Y.

About 500 of the 30,000 post offices in the  
United States are filled by women.

Missionary Appropriations for 1873 by the  
Methodist Episcopal Church \$885,000.

There are five Baptist Churches in Brook-  
lyn without pastors.

The Vermont Legislature is considering  
whether women shall be allowed to vote at  
school meetings.

The Rev. Dr. Haight was elected on Decem-  
ber 4th, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Mas-  
sachusetts.

The Department of Religion at Yaddo has  
issued a document looking toward the tolera-  
tion of all beliefs.

Magistrates have been appointed in all the  
police districts of Yaddo, with a jurisdiction  
similar to that of the United States.

In New York the Common Council have  
passed an Act prohibiting the erection of any  
more buildings with Mansard Roofs unless  
made of iron.

The President has appointed the Hon.  
Ward Hunt, of New York, Justice of the Su-  
preme Court, in place of Judge Nelson, re-  
signed.

The New York Evangelist—Presbyterian—  
has a circulation of 15,000. The New York  
Observer 24,000. The Examiner and Chronicle,  
New York—Baptist—30,000.

It is estimated that a total of 7,000,000 bales  
of cotton, valued at \$400,000,000 in gold, is  
now consumed every year in Europe and the  
United States.